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A MORNING MUSICAL.

I walked abroad in matin light,
To hear the trilling of a thrush;
The bright'ning sky hung fringed with night
O'er morning's hush.

And then athwart the dancing flowers
The glinting sunbeams gayly fell
O'er hill, o'er dale, o'er basking bowers,
And dewy dell.

Warbled the thrush in joy and glee,
The while soared high the glorious lark—
Sweet Nature's prima donna she
O'er field and park.

Scarce died the echo of her lay,
When burst the brightly winged world
Into a choral roundelay
From boughs dew-pearled.

How gently on the soft, south breeze
The songs are borne away
From leafy homes in budding trees
At break of day.

T. P. T., '99.

RUINS.

Far different from the bodily existence of man, which is capable only of realizing the moment of his present being, is his inner life, or the workings of his soul, which by the help of imagination recalls bygone ages, revels in the poetic twilight of the past, and directs her flight far beyond the present being to live in the periods of remotest future. This capability of dwelling amid the mysterious nations of antiquity, of sympathizing with people whose burial mounds are razed by time's destructive progress, fully accounts for the interest of which ruins are to us and for the peculiar feelings we experience in beholding traces of the genius of extinct generations.

The crumbling forms of ruins, majestic in their decay, exact from us a pitying admiration. We venerate them as we would revere aged persons whose wrinkled brows bear the stamp of changing fortune; and we love them for being memoranda given to us by a people whose souls, like ours, were agitated by aspirations of joys and sorrows.

Remembering, therefore, that the sight of ruins directly appeals to our more tender feelings and affections, we can well understand why a country, abounding in these remains of ancient life and customs, is deemed more attractive than a region destitute of the venerable witnesses of history's gigantic drama.

The wild, romantic scene of a Niagara with its tremendous roaring, with its foaming waters dashing their spray against the sky in angry contest, creates in us that feeling of awe and veneration which one experiences in the unbridled elements of a raging tempest. The chaotic sublimity of the Rocky Mountains, whose ponderous masses frown down upon the frail mortal being that ventured to intrude upon their sacred solitude, are a picture of life's stern realities and God's unchanging counsels. Amid the boundless expanse of the prairies, when the tired eyes in vain seek for an object upon which to rest their gaze, our soul, as it were, expands itself, striving to be released from her narrow mansion to take her flight out into the infinite depth of space. In such a moment we think to realize eternity's endless duration.

Yet all these feelings, sublime as they are, cannot replace that undescribable something which pervades our souls when we confront ancient ruins; as, for instance, the ivy-covered abbeys of fate-stricken Erin, or the gray castles along the picturesque banks of the Rhine reflecting their venerable forms in the silver mirror of the broad stream.

Hibernia's delapidated abbeys with their mutilated forms, still beautiful in their ruins, give testimony of the splendor and learning of Ireland's golden period; while on the other hand they relate to us in pathetic language the cruelty of her sister isle.

How many delightful charms do not the old

gray castles add to the lovely regions of the Rhine! Enveloped in a romantic mist of popular tales they are indispensable to the character of their surroundings.

What magic power draws the numerous travelers yearly to the shores of the Nile? Is it the peculiar sight of Egypt's sceneries? Is it the delicious air or the lofty palms, whose symbolic branches whisper to each other the stories of long forgotten heroes? Is it the ancient river fructifying the country as in the days of Israel's mighty lawgiver? No. Egypt's magnets are the pyramids. They cannot claim our attention by architectural beauty. The outer appearance is little more than a heap of stones claiming our curiosity by its vast dimensions; regarding them historically, however, every stone out of the vast structure becomes an object of greatest interest. They picture to us the glorious reign of the Pharaohs and the cruel slavery of the Jewish nation. With wonder and admiration we gaze at the colossal masses, the witnesses of the rise and fall of mighty empires. They were familiar with the most renowned men of history and a Napoleon encouraged, at the sight of the pyramids, his disheartened soldiers with these famous words: "Soldiers, four thousand years gaze upon you."

Grand as the pyramids are in the venerable garb which time has woven for them, they cannot equal that gigantic theatre at Rome in which so many grand acts of Christians were performed, namely the Colosseum, which is magnificent in its forms, pitiful in its decay, and sublime in its his-

tory. This queen of ruins possesses all the charms of architecture, her faded beauty arouses all the sympathies of the human heart, and her history is of absorbing interest. Standing midst the vast surroundings of the towering arches, we are at a loss what to admire more, the grandeur of the structure, or the mighty mind of the artist who conceived the massive edifice and understood to combine solidity with grace, simplicity with variety, and beauty with vastness. Not only do these ruins convey the feelings of grandeur and sublimity, they also evoke our pity and cause us pain. The majestic tiers struggling in vain against the unchangeable laws of nature are, despite their imposing forms, objects sad to behold. They are a vivid picture of a great but unfortunate monarch who is striving to redeem his doomed empire from the stern decrees of fate; as they remind us of the instability of human institutions and of the destiny of our own achievements, we feel that pang shooting through our hearts which we experience in the sustaining of a great loss or when we are foiled in our purposes. But all these impressions will vanish before the superior influence of the Colosseum's pathetic history. If those mighty walls were endowed with the gift of speech, what ravishing scenes of Christian fortitude could they not relate to us? They saw upon their lofty tiers thousands of heartless people and the repulsive grandeurs of the tyrannic emperors; they heard the forgiving prayers and the last sighs of the dying Christians as they tinged the yellow sand of the spacious arena with their blood, and they

trembled under the tremendous shouts of the Roman populace "Christianos ad Leones."

G. C. HEIMBURGER, '97.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

(From the German of LUDWIG UHLAND.)

There stood in by-gone ages
A castle high, sublime;
It shone far o'er the country,
Its name reached ev'ry clime.
Around were fragrant gardens,
A wreath of ev'ry hue,
Where played in rainbow splendor
The fountain's silvery dew.

Here reigned a haughty monarch
In splendor never seen,
Who proudly swung the sceptre
With wrath, and dark-some mien.
For naught he thought but terror,
His eyes the vassals smote,
And what he spoke was torture
And blood was what he wrote.

Two famous minstrels sauntered
Once to this mighty king;
The one was old, the other
Enjoyed as yet life's spring.
The aged man was riding
A noble, faithful steed,
And onward strove the younger
The gentle horse to lead.

Then spoke the aged father
These words with strong appeal:
"Awake thy deepest feeling,
Sing human woe and weal,
Oh! sing with all thy power,
Do sing in sweetest tone,
To-day we are to soften
The tyrant's heart of stone."

The minstrels now are standing
Amid the royal sheen,
And on the throne are sitting
The monarch and the queen.
The king in fearful lustre,
Like ruddy northern light,
His spouse in gentle beauty
Beams like the queen of night.

Forthwith the aged minstrel
Began to sweep the strings,
And softly flowed the music
Like sound of angel's wings.
To this the youth was singing
In charming melody,
Thus played and sang the minstrels
Till all was ecstasy.

They sang of love and beauty,
They sang of chivalry,
Of famous deeds and freedom,
Of faith and fealty,
They sang of all the feelings
That move the human heart,
They sang of all that's noble
Or goodness does impart.

The courtiers cease their jesting,
All heave a solemn sigh,
The tyrant's stalwart soldiers
Bow down to God on High;
The queen in silent rapture,
Touched with heav'nly art
She tosses to the minstrels
Her rose with gladsome heart.

"You have enticed my people,
Allure ye now my wife?"
Thus roared the king in anger,
All trembled for their life.
Into the youth's pure bosom,
The king his jav'lin flung,
From which instead of verses
A stream of blood now sprung.

And then an awful silence
Engulfed the dire alarm,
The noble youth was lying

Dead in his father's arm.
He took the lifeless body
In deep and silent woe
And placed it on the saddle,
Then left his cruel foe.

But 'neath the exalted archway
He stops, his eyes are bold,
Upon his harp he gazes
In agony untold;
Against a granite pillar
He hurls it in despair:
A weird and threatening clamor
Resounded through the air.

His hollow voice he raises,
A voice that man appalls:
Woe to this mighty palace,
Woe to these haughty halls.
No songs but groans of anguish
Shall throng the dire place,
Let Nemesis in ire
This castle soon efface.

Woe to these balmy gardens
That bask in sunny May,
To you I show the victim
Your cruel lord did slay;
That all the flowers wither,
That all the fountains drain,
Let waste and desolation
The sceptre swing amain.

Woe to this bloody tyrant,
The curse of minstrelsy,
In vain shall he be panting
For fame, posterity.
Forgotten be his conquests,
Forgotten be his name,
And naught shall be recorded
Save cruelty and shame.

Thus spoke the wrathful minstrel,
And heaven heard it all,
The massive walls and pillars
A prey to time did fall;
And only one high buttress

Bespeaks the vanished might,
And this, already tottering,
May tumble over night.

Gone are the fragrant gardens
And heath crept o'er the land;
No murmuring crystal fountains
Ooze through the sterile sand,
And to this hateful tyrant
No song nor book refers;
He sunk into oblivion—
This is the minstrel's curse.
G. G. H., '97.

CHANCES OF SUCCESS.

As a pre-requisite to the discussion of our subject we must see what is to be understood by the word success. We usually picture it in a vague way to ourselves as the possession of riches, power, or great fame. When success is thus considered, it becomes a mere phantom failing to keep touch with expectation. What, then, is success? It is the right application of the means at hand. Responsibility is of necessity limited by ability. To place my definition before you in a concrete form. I shall take the case of a man who has ever worked along the lines laid down for him by God, but who, from an adverse combination of circumstances, fails in a temporal way. Has this man achieved success? Though he has failed to acquire riches, power, or fame, he has possessed himself of things infinitely superior to these purely sordid attainments; he has made himself happy, and is to be esteemed successful. But some one

objects that this definition is not comprehensive; so I yield a point. To have achieved perfect success, one must, in addition to having performed well his part in life, have such a portion of temporal prosperity as will insure him what we are pleased to style contentment.

Anything tending to divert man from a right application of the means at hand militates against his final success. His chances of success are best, therefore, whose environments are most conducive to habits of industry, energy, and honesty. I shall propose two things which go to prove that the end of the century youth is more handicapped by his environments than was he of fifty or eighty years ago: the slight esteem in which the agricultural classes are held; and the corrupt and congested state of modern society. I presume that no one will question my statement regarding the farmer. Yap, yahoo, moss-back, clod-hopper, etc, are a few of the delicate allusions, employed by the average citizen, when speaking of the farmer. And what is the effect of this opprobrium, hurled from all sides upon the tiller of the soil? I make bold to say that a contented farming community is almost unknown in this country. No sooner has the farmer's son arrived at years of discretion, then he longs to strike out from the paternal roof. He holds the inheritance of his father's broad acres a mere bauble when contrasted with the ravishing luxury of a life in the city. Poor deluded youth! Thus he loses his contentment, and contentment is the very mainspring of success. The days are gone when the farmer was the represen-

tative citizen, the legislator of the people; when a Lincoln gloried in being the primary producer of the world. Instead you have farms mortgaged to modern Shylocks beyond all hope of redemption.

I know not how this lamentable state of affairs has been brought about, nor is such a knowledge of consequence to us, since we confront a condition, not a theory. Suffice it to know that such a condition exists, and that it makes the farmer's chances of success comparatively small.

In our cities a still more deplorable evolution of conditions has taken place in half a century. The state of modern society may with propriety be likened to one of those costly vaults to be found in any large cemetery. Polished and ornate with the best work of master artists is its exterior, but within—what we find within is far too nauseous to contemplate. The youth of the present, if he live in the city, cannot long escape running across an exponent of yellow journalism. Then, if his home-training has not been of the very best kind, he is started on a downward path. A few corrupt friends, a few years of experience in minor faults, and he launches into a career of crime, until finally the dark waters of ruin close over him. Think you that his last startling cry which echoed over the black waters was: "I have achieved success? There in the dust of the roadsides, clipped from the parent stem, lies the bud that fifty years ago would have grandly and perfectly unfolded in the purer moral atmosphere of that period.

But grant that by some happy accident he

does run this gauntlet of temptations. What then? Will the professional or commercial powers of to-day conduce more to his obtaining riches, power, or fame than they would have hundred years since? I answer emphatically: No, they will not because of the trusts and female labor.

What is a trust? A trust is a body of men incorporated for the purpose of satisfying their avarice. It is obvious to common sense that anyone entering into competition with them will lessen their profits. To prevent this competition the trust must crush its young rivals; and that a trust will stop at nothing to compass its ends, is borne out by facts of every day occurrence. Before the civil war not only trusts but even millionaires were unknown. The conclusion to be drawn from this fact is patent.

Female labor, which is gradually supplanting the more highly renumerated labor of men, is another element that will prevent our young men from rising to destinction or opulence. About a decade past female labor began to be extensively used in factories. Since that time it has been invading the ranks of other professions, until at present a doctor, a lawyer, or an editor, who is a member of the gentler sex, is no rarity. This inverted order of things would not be so bad, if the wages paid in both instances were equal; anyone in the least conversant with matters of social economy knows this to be far from the case.

What about our youth of fifty years ago? I would not have you believe that his path was strewn with Jacqueminots, or that Fame descended

to his plane to place the undying laurel on his brow; but I would have you believe that if he were possessed of an appreciable amount of energy, and expanded it in a right manner, success was far more liable to crown his efforts than equal efforts made by the youth of today, because he had to contend with but few of those insidious advances, which easily gain entrance to and mar the soul of youth. Obstacles he met with, indeed, but they were honest obstacles that serve to put bottom into a man and to draw out his better qualities, as friction draws fire from flint. True also he had always to begin at the bottom of the ladder. For each man, however, that sat on a round and impeded his upward progress then, there are ten now.

Is it not far easier to become a leading dweller in the domain of thought and letters now than formerly? Look at our public libraries; at our magazines; are not they so many springs of knowledge at which we may stoop and drink our fill? Had your representative man of fifty years ago these advantages, could he not have accomplished much more than he did? I reply that a wide dissemination of books does far more harm than good. We feverishly devour all readable matter within our range, and thus dry up the very source of mental action, which is a thought-engendering repose. One single idea does not remain long enough within us for the fires of inspiration to act efficiently upon it. The master minds of old were by the force of circumstances slender and, as a necessary consequence, active readers. They

moulded with exacting nicety the crude ore presented to them; and clothed each skeleton with the ideals drawn from the "pleasures of their own thoughts." It is only for the last twenty years that the magazine, which above all else tends to make us surface readers, has been in universal use.

In the middle of the century "Study Nature" was of one import with "Know Thyself." Nature meant an integral condition, visible to the outer and the mind's eye. Now it is a material, "divided like the ancient Osiris into a thousand parts;" it is the Karma of the Theosophists," where man should tremble to tread unless the Angel of God lead him by the hand." The Nature of the past formed a large-hearted, large-brained Wordsworth; in its present contorted significance it produces a realist of the Zola type.

Thus Books and Nature, which Emerson says should be the chief factors in the formation of the scholar, are yearly becoming weaker in their good effects, and who can say what the end will be.

T. P. TRAVERS, '99.

A FISHING PARTY.

Hello! John, where are you going?" "I am going out fishing; do you want to go along?" "Who is going with you?" "Joe Smyth and Henry Bender." "Very well, I'll be ready in a moment." With these words Master Charles Bokeley ran off to get his coat and his fish-pole. After a few moments he returned and joined John who was now eagerly conversing with Joe and Henry.

John McClellan who was to be the leader of the party now braced up and with an air of importance said: "Boys, it will be a risky thing, but if we go at it in the right way we shall have lots of fun and come out successful." "A risky thing?" exclaimed Charles, "are you afraid of drowning while sitting on the dry bank with a fish-pole in your hands?" "Ah! that is surely not dangerous," said John smiling, "but fishing with a line is too slow work for me, you can sit there a whole day without getting a single bite. The other day I saw some men fish with a seine; they pulled them out by the dozen. Let us try that too." "But that is forbidden by law and besides, we have no seine," remarked Charles. "No," said Joe, we won't use a seine, it is against the law." "Don't fret about the law, we will manage to escape it, I am sure," rejoined John. "No, no," answered Joe quickly, "if you fish with a seine I shall stay at home. Father says that people ought to obey

the law whether they are watched or not." "Oh! you coward." Henry now sneered, "you are afraid to do what other people do every day, just because the law forbids it. You may stay at home, we can do without you, three of us are enough." "Don't quarrel, boys," interrupted John, "I think we can settle it peacefully. Joe you must go along, but you need not help us; you can take Charles' pole and fish to your heart's content, just so you are with us." "Very well," replied Joe, "I will go along." He took Charles' pole and started for the river with his companions.

Our young fishermen had gone a considerable distance before they noticed that they had no seine. Now what should they do? "Our neighbor has a very large seine, but I do not think that he will lend it to us," John. "No," observed Henry, "we dare not ask him for it, he would give us away." "Could we not use our big canvas?" asked John. "What's the matter with you, that is much too heavy," answered Henry. Charles, who had silently listened to the proposals of his comrades, suddenly gasped for breath and exclaimed: "I have it! I have it! Let us use my lawn-tennis net." "Capital!" cried the boys in a chorus, "go and get it." Charles bounded off like a stag and after a few moments returned with the lawn-tennis box, net, rackets and balls. "What in the world are you bringing all that stuff for," shouted John. "Ah! you don't catch on," replied Charles after he had recovered speech. "If anybody comes along now we will simply tell him that we are going to have a game of lawn-tennis."

“This scheme won roars of applause for Charles. In order to avoid the least suspicion, John took two rackets out of the box and carried them in his hands. They resumed their way now and soon reached the river.

John told his companions to take a little rest while he would look for a good place. When he returned, he said to Joe: “You take your pole and go over to that high bank; it is a fine place to fish with a line. Henry, Charles, and myself will go up to the next curve. If you see anybody come you whistle that we can hide the net in time. “I will do the whistling for you all right, there is no harm in that,” answered Joe. The other three walked up the river and at once set to work. John and Henry took a hold of each end of the net and described a circle in the water. To their greatest consternation they found the net empty after they pulled it ashore, although the river had been swarming with fish. A second trial gave the same result with the exception of a poisonous turtle. Despondency came over them all and they were about to give up when Charles exclaimed: “The holes are too big, the fish swim through them like a top; let us double the net.” Charles’ suggestion was quickly carried out. They doubled the net, described a circle as before, and caught nearly a score of fish in the first draught.

Meanwhile, Joe played the part of a watchman very well. Every now and then he cast a glance over the prairie behind him to see whether an enemy was approaching. But when he saw his comrades pile the fish into the lawn-tennis box,

he threw his pole away and ran up to help them. All thoughts of risk and danger were now past. They repeated the same process with almost equal success. At every new haul they shouted and jumped like Indians. All at once an old man tapped John on the shoulder saying: "Boys, what are you doing here? Don't you know that it is forbidden to fish with a seine?" Joe at last took heart and answered: "I told the boys that it is wrong, but they said other people do it too." "Yes," remarked John, "the other day I saw some men fish here with a much larger net than we have." "But that does not justify your actions," replied the old man with a stern voice. "You know that it is wrong; your very looks betray you. Had you obeyed the law you would not have to dread its punishment now." The boys implored the man not to report them and promised that they would never do anything against the law again. The old man was very much pleased with the disposition of the boys, but he thought this a favorable opportunity to impress them with the necessity of keeping the laws. He continued therefore with the same stern voice: "There you have a whole box full of fish; what will you do with them? Let them spoil and then throw them away, I suppose. I have lived here over fifty years and have often seen your fathers fish with a line, when they were boys like yourselves. If they had used a seine, do you think there would be any fish in here now? They knew that it was forbidden and they obeyed the law for your benefit. How many a joyful day have you spent in angling? How many bass and carps have you

already carried home? And now you have spoiled your own fun for the future. I am sure you did not leave a single half-grown fish in here." The boys could but look at each other. They had considered the fishing-law a mere constraint upon their liberty, but now they regarded it in a different light.

Their lawn-tennis net now looks worse for the wear, but a wholesome lesson is interwoven in its meshes.

THEODORE SAURER, '99.

SOME TRAITS OF THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN NOVEL.

THE novel of every country has some characteristics entirely its own. This is natural, for a novel generally portrays the life of a nation, and every nation has peculiar habits and customs. The difference between the novel of one country and that of another lies not so much in the development of the plot as in the delineation of the characters and in the general ideas which the author intends to convey, for the novel has long ago become the vehicle of the author's philosophy. There are certainly many common traits of character in a German and an Englishman, though we can discern great differences between the two nations without difficulty.

The novel is a flower that first sprang up on fair Albion's plains. There it prospered and brought forth beautiful blossoms. It was

transplanted to other countries and the great success and the popularity English novels met with, called forth a feverish activity in the literary world on the continent in this field of literature. This was in particular the case in Germany where more than sixty different translations of "Robinson Crusoe" appeared. The English novel seems to have always exerted a great influence on the German. There are of course periods in German literature, too, when brilliant novelists darted their flashes of genius across the German ocean, but they were much like meteors. The German romantic school surely exerted its influence on the English novel and above all Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther," perhaps the greatest of all novels, affected the English world as well as the other nations. The romanticists reawakened a strong love for the antique and quaint legends of medieval times, in other words, they produced the historical novel. But they went too far in their love for these legendary tales and soon rendered themselves odious by spasmodic outbursts of emotion and enthusiasm. By their faults English authors have greatly profited, they received the impetus from the Germans, but never imitated them in their chaotic extravagances. The "Sorrows of Werther" which appeared at the time can hardly be called German in its character; it is cosmopolitan, for it portrays the tendencies of the world at large during the period of sickly sentimentality that undermined the society of Goethe's time.

When in the last decades of the eighteenth century German thought began to revolutionize

the world, the novel too, was affected. The Germans are a thinking people, and soon abstract thought entered the domain of the novel. Still, England has been less influenced by this revolution than all other countries; the English have always been loath to adopt ideas emanating from Germany. Even the deep and vigorous mind of a Carlyle, who tried to introduce German thought into England effected little. Englishmen make their conclusions by dint of their close observations; they describe the most unimportant events and circumstances of social and domestic life which to a German seem trifling and even ridiculous. By these close observations, however, they are enabled to make their deductions and solve great questions which often depend on these trifling happenings. Here the Germans differ; whether they are writing a novel or a philosophical treatise, they cannot help diving down into the abyss of the human mind. They make their conclusions by pure thinking. This difference can well be seen in the novel of these two nations; but the very description of these minor facts of human life renders English novels inimitable and extremely popular.

One reason, too, why the English novel prospers so well lies with the people themselves who are even more fond of it than the French. British life and customs demand the novel. If music is the enjoyment of the Germans, the novel is the passion of the Englishman. The latter is of a gloomily pensive mind, and it almost takes such a mind to keep up the perpetual strain of humor and satire

which one finds in some English novels. A German reflecting on some subject for a long time would either burst out into deep emotion or would begin to split hair. Still this continual fun and irony, though powerful weapons, causes a tedium to the reader and often a lack of artistic beauty. It also leads to too much moralizing which Englishmen are prone to do, who are moreover too pedantic.

That the German novel could hardly prosper during the greater part of this century, is due to the political strifes in which Germany was involved. It is quite different with the English novel, which during the same period attained to great perfection. The incessant broils in Germany were surely detrimental to the novel of that country. Novelists would not refrain from defending and advocating the policy of the faction to which they belonged and this brought forth what the Germans call a "Tendenz-Roman". This necessarily marred the beauty of the novels; rancorous party spirit always destroys the worth of a literary work. Gutzkow's novels are all of this stamp and those of Gustav Freytag can hardly be called free from these political tendencies. In his famous "Soll und Haben", it is true, he glorifies German industry, but he also vigorously combats the unspeakable selfishness and arrogance of the German aristocracy and in this resembles Thackeray. Their methods, however, are at variance. Thackeray living in a country, which is far more democratic than Germany, could be much bolder than Freytag, who lived among hundreds of influential

aristocrats in a monarchical country. Thackeray simply overwhelms the English aristocracy with his bitter satire, whereas Freytag had to be very cautious. While he seemingly sympathizes with the misfortunes of a nobleman, a character in "Soll und Haben", he cleverly inculcates upon the reader an indescribable disgust for the unbounded selfishness of this baron. Yet throughout the whole work he bewails the misfortunes of this weakling, and to all this he dedicates the book to a baron. This is art and the Germans call a work of this kind a *Kunst-Roman*. Perhaps there is too much art in such a novel by which the characters often suffer, the more so if the author portrays in his characters too high ideals; which is the case with Freytag's "Soll und Haben". One doubts whether a Herr Wohlfahrt, the hero of this novel, could have been found as readily in Germany as some characters of Thackeray in England.

The historical novel flourishes as much in Germany as in England. The Germans, it is true, received their first impulse from Scott, but his novels are properly speaking not historical. Scott was swayed by too much fancy and imagery and often violates the rights of history. This is wrong, for a historical novel ought to picture forth the life of a nation at a certain time of the past, and be true to its history; as Freytag in his series of historical novels portraying German life of the past. Here the novel replaces the epic. Bolanden, a Catholic writer, gained great popularity by his historical novels, though he is at times rather harsh. Catholic novelists in Germany are numer-

ous and they seem to exercise a greater influence over public life than English Catholic authors; although German Catholics also imitated English Catholic authors as Wiseman and Newman. A great number of works similar to "Fabiola" have been published in Germany since that book appeared.

To the historical novel we may link popular tales, legend, and fairy love in which the Germans are unequaled. They are often short stories, yet grand and inimitable in conception and the ideas bodied forth in such a small space betoken true art.

If we compare Thackeray with Freytag, we may compare Charles Dickens with Fritz Reuter, the greatest humorist of Germany. Though he treats of themes quite different from those of Dickens, there exists a striking resemblance between the two. Both advocate democratic principles, both are moral reformers; they war against the oppression of the lower by the upper classes. Both are great humorists, though the humor of Reuter is of a sullen nature, because he was for years confined in a Prussian prison, where the best and most humorous of his works was written.

In conclusion we may say that an English novelist enjoys greater freedom than a German. Every German novel must encounter grim critics and in order to insure success must strictly adhere to the principles laid down by the critics. Authors are hampered by these rules and the many little digressions that render English novels so exquisite do not occur in German novels. Whether

this sort of literary rigor is favorable to the novel, we are at present unable to judge.

G. G. HARTJENS, '97.

HUSHED.

The air was still, the rippling rill
Had hushed, it knew not why.
There was not heard a gladsome word;
Anon groan followed sigh.

The woodland choirs no more inspire
All nature with cheery lays.
Each leaf was hushed; the rose has blushed,
Nor yielded sweet fragrance of praise.

His royal array the king of day
Discarded with awful frown;
Shamed at the sight, the queen of night
No balmy shafts poured down.

Ere life did part the Sacred Heart
Throbbled; and heaved the sinless breast;
The Lord did groan and with a moan
Cried "Consummatum est."

F. T. S.

AUTUMN.

As I look across the plain	Leaning 'gainst a lonely tree
Upon the forest's green,	Appears a thoughtful sire
I behold along the lane	And a youth who full of glee,
The finest autumn scene	Admires the nice attire.
Fading green and dusky blue,	Earnest looks and sparkling
Decaying red and gray	eyes
Quiver in the forest hue	Survey the altering scene,
Amid their neat array.	While the child of nature dies
	'Mid looks and smiles serene.

V. H. K.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

But men do differ, is a saying no older than true. While some plod wearily along ere they find the highroad to success, others are borne to the heights of fame on the wings of fortune. Here in our great land sudden rises and failures are such every day occurrences that we take note of the most important only. Among the most recent of these rises there is one, which at present is attracting the attention of the two worlds, one that teaches a practical lesson to the ever aspiring American youth, a lesson fraught with meaning, for it teaches never to despise the lowest step of the ladder of fame.

A year ago, the son of parents once slaves, of a race even yet despised, toiling in a mean capacity, struggling for a mite of recognition, today, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, lionized in London, may tread without fear where once such giants in the world of letters as a Scott, Johnson, and a Byron deemed it an honor to be.

Scarcely had the slender volume "Minors and Majors" received such elaborate praise from the able critic, Mr. William Dean Howell of Harper's Weekly, when Fortune and Fame claimed the author as their own. A few weeks after we find Dunbar before the exclusive audiences of the American metropolis where his readings were received with enthusiasm. Now, that the British Capital has given the stamp of approval, it can

hardly be doubted that Americans will, on his return, accord Dunbar a royal reception, for certainly if both continents commend his poetry there must be reason for praise.

Whether the popularity of the author of "Minors and Majors" is but ephemeral and destined soon to wane, is as yet a matter of merest conjecture; for what the world approves of today, tomorrow it may condemn. Nevertheless, the poems of the negro youth show him to be no mere rhymester. Tenderness, suggestiveness, simplicity, and even a certain religious sentiment are characteristics of his verses.

What makes the rise of Dunbar more remarkable is the fact that his educational advantages were very meagre indeed. Such as he had, he failed not to improve. With him "an ardent love of books and light purse were a combination" which proved, as with many another, a source of no little annoyance. We are told, however, that he was a frequent visitor to the public library and there imbibed freely sweet draughts from "wells of English undefyled." He delighted to revel in the luxuriance of nature's bard committing such passages as pleased him to memory.


Even for the sake of the negro race we hope that the brightness of this new star is not ephemeral, but that it may continue to shine in the twentieth century.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY
 DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, 99,

VIGILIUS H. KROLL, '99,

JOHN P. BURKE, 1900.

EDITORIALS.

The lectures of last year were a means of instruction and occasions of real pleasure to all the students and we wish to again express our obligations to the reverend speakers and to the faculty who inaugurated the course. Arrangements for another year's series of lectures have been made, but we are not now able to announce the program.

We shall do so, however, in our next issue.

The prospects for winning laurels in the field of athletics are not so gloomy as some students at first believed. There is good material at the disposal of the different organizations and it is but fair to say that they know how to employ it. If the higher classes manifest enthusiasm and confidence in our abilities, the new-comers will be eager to join and practice diligently. Our recent games have shown that some of them are not tyros in athletics. The excellent management of these games has called forth a willingness to practice and with much practice, we are confident of success. Our representative team will play the first game of foot ball with Rensselaer this week.

One of the worst mistakes a young writer may commit, is the constant use of phrases and expressions which he has collected in his course of reading. On meeting with them the first time, he was so much struck with their beauty and appropriateness that he stored them away for his own future use. This is perhaps not to be discouraged, but it is unpardonable to make a digression from one's course of reasoning in order to produce a pet phrase. A regular succession of thought is thereby frustrated, and what is still worse, the mind loses the peculiar and original mode of thinking with which each man is gifted. This lost, one can never become an independent and vigorous thinker; since he applies the dictums of authors to things about which he should judge

himself and thus acquires a bookish taste, which is an ever increasing evil. There is danger, too, that the mind unconsciously drift in the channels of thought marked out by the favorite expressions which are ever present with him. The English passion for beautiful phrases has contributed to the perfection of the language; it has even refined and sharpened English thought; but the too frequent adaptation of those already coined is positively harmful and also loathsome. One dislikes even a composition of merit in which certain words or phrases constantly recur. Students should above all try to express their thoughts in their own peculiar manner, which must, of course, be in accordance with the rules of English grammar. If their ideas are perfectly clear to themselves, they will know how to utter them elegantly and intelligently. We should prefer a clumsy expression of our own to an elegant but borrowed one which conveys our ideas but imperfectly.

There is seemingly a cold indifference to the teachings of religion among the people, but the vast majority of men long as ardently as ever to come in possession of the truth, not proposed for belief by the learned, but stamped with divine authority. This truth is being searched for with feverish anxiety. Many have until now refused to accept the teachings of the Catholic Church, because the minds of men had become saturated with falsehood and hatred during the ages of malice following the revolt of Luther; but prejudice is waning and men have again become capable of reasoning and judg-

ing with regard to the teachings of the Church of Christ. But the warfare is still desperate, because both sides are in earnest; nor can we foresee the end of the conflict for good will ever be assailed by evil and the material and materializing forces will continue to war with the spiritual and spiritualizing powers. There are victories in sight, however, for the Catholic Church. Numerous conversions from the sects and from those who investigate the claims of the Church independently, or who are led to acknowledge them by the contemplation of her achievements, will occur within the next decade or two. Since all of us will be required to assist in bringing these about, we should even at college begin to qualify ourselves for the work. The best means at our disposal now besides a thorough training in Christian Doctrine is furnished us by the great converts of recent years in their works and biographies. Every student should familiarize himself with the principal works of Brownson, Newman, Faber, Father Hecker, etc. and, in addition, be acquainted with the causes of their conversion and the struggles attendant upon their resolve to become Catholic. We must already now learn to acquire the tact and practical information which are requisite for the apostolate, and these we may glean from the works of eminent converts.

Our former publisher, Mr. Marshall, of Rensselaer, is a very enterprising newspaper man. He is now issuing a Semi-Weekly in addition to his Daily.

EXCHANGES.

Quite the liveliest youngster we have yet met with, is the Tamarack in its glorified apparel. The medal debater relucats at the laxity of our naturalization laws in a refreshingly business-like manner. One of this paper's noteworthy features is the lack of a prescient tone by which we are so apt to sin in debates. Then there is a collection of interesting miscellany in the form of scene sketches and stories which are much to be commended. The several bits of verse are not without the flavor of poesy. It is with pleasure that we note the earnest efforts of the Tamarack's editors to grace their journal's pages with the best that is in them.

The October Xavier nods perceptibly. "Ned's Great Rush," while unique in conception, is somewhat prolix in treatment. The big, bad man, suddenly melted by floods of sweetest music is fast becoming as ridiculous in fiction as the maddened steed, the "beyootiful" maiden, and her daring rescuer, who always has the coaliest of coal-black eyes and wavy chestnut hair. It is poor policy to introduce any of these incidents into our attempts at fiction, as does the author of "MISERERE." Some of the exchange editor's remarks on the style of Newman merit attention, but, to our thinking, he overleaps himself when he says that "stereotyped expressions of laudation" are one of its defects. This array of double-breasted words, far from being applicable to the

article in question, is rather the language of one catering to the gallery gods of his own brain. But we are pleased to acknowledge the general excellence of "The Xavier" and wish to congratulate it *post festum* on its very attractive Jubilee number.

One of our most valued exchanges is the Fordham Monthly. The October number contains criticisms of the poets from the immortals down to last year's college verse. Mr. M. Zuricalday writes a Comparative Criticism of Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful" and Miss E. Donnelly's "Vision of the Monk Gabriel". He opines that the more famous poet's work is inferior to Miss Donnelly's in substance and deep genius, but superior as regards the trappings and accessories of the poet's art. In addition to a letter from Miss Donnelly, he gives many native reasons for the faith that is in him. The space devoted to Jean Ingelow, the laureate of simple folk, is a page of good writing. "A Raindrop's" lines swing along with a satisfying ease. "Cap and Gown," a volume of college verse, is reviewed very tastily. The general effect of the Monthly is highly pleasing.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

BOOK NOTICES.

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This little book recently published by Benziger Bros., is the finest children's prayer book we

know of. Its numerous fine half-tone illustrations cannot but form a feature of great interest to the little ones and contribute to impress more deeply on their hearts and minds the beautiful thoughts and sentiments expressed in the prayers. The "Special Devotions for Children" are worthy of particular mention and add to the value of the neat little book.

One of the best story-books recently published by Benziger Bros. is *BY BRANSCOME RIVER*. Price 80 cents.

This story from the facile pen of Marion Ames Taggart is one of real interest, conveying at the same time a wholesome moral lesson to the young reader's heart. Two orphan boys, Jim Upper and his younger brother Phil, have left New York and try to find work and lodging in the country. Jim Upper is a real American boy, upright, brave, tender-hearted toward his brother, with a nature eminently manly. Phil is tender, shy, with an enthusiastic love for animals and for nature and having withal a very heroic soul. From motives of selfishness Miss Keturah Flint, an extremely harsh lady, offers to take the two orphans. By their exemplary behavior, their kindness, uprightness, and real heroism they manage to entirely change the heart of their hostess, and convert her niece, a proud, selfish girl, into a model character. The many lyrical touches lend a peculiar charm to the story and betray the fact that the author herself is a close observer and an ardent lover of the beauties of nature.

THAT FOOT-BALL GAME. By Rev. Francis

Finn, S. J., Benziger Bros. Price 85 Cts.

It was a very politic move to bring "That Foot-Ball Game" out in book form at the beginning of autumn when half the boys in the land are running over with foot-ball enthusiasm. The general plan of this book is somewhat different from those of the famous quartet of stories that preceded it, as it deals more with the joys and sorrows of home life than did any of them. Nobody is better acquainted with the unwritten code of honor among boys than the gifted author of this book. His keen observations on this subject from the groundwork of his success as a writer. As types of boyish sturdiness and lovable nature, Claude and Harry stand head and shoulder above most juvenile characters in English fiction, some of Father Finn's own excepted. Interest centers in the great game, which is described with a piquant energy that fairly sweeps us along with the victorious heroes. Those competent to judge pronounce this last the greatest of the Discoverer's finds.

The "CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL" of Benziger Brothers has just been issued for 1893. It will again be a surprise to its ever increasing number of friends, for the present number is unusually interesting. There is a delightful choice of reading written by the more prominent of American authors. More serious and primarily instructive articles are contributed by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Conaty; Rev. Father Girardey, Provincial of the Redemptorists of the Western province; the history of a famous pilgrimage told by Very Rev. Dean Lings and other equally interesting articles. The illus-

trations are very numerous and of such artistic merit that the almanac should be in possession of every family on account of these alone. There is, it is true, a serious mistake of proportion in the figure of Mary in the picture of the Assumption; but this is about the only thing which one can criticise in this almanac. The price is only 25 Cts.

D. B.

EPISCOPAL VISIT.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, honored us with a visit on October 19. After an address of welcome in behalf of the C. L. S. by Mr. Seroczynski, the Aloysians were given the privilege to render a program of welcome to His Lordship. It was the first attempt this year and on the whole deserving of praise. Diocesan greetings were extended by Master Peele in behalf of the diocese of Vincennes; other dioceses were represented as follows: Chicago, A. Junk; Kansas City, Ed. Kiely; St. Joseph, P. Biegel; St. Louis, L. Walther; Detroit, L. Marantette; Cincinnati, C. Hemsteger; Cleveland, Chas. Rock; Ft. Wayne, N. Keilman. On the day following His Lordship blessed the new Church at Lowell, Ind. Rev. Francis Schalk, C. PP. S., has charge of the parish.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Once more hard work has been taken up. Of enthusiasm there is no lack and already willing hands and steady heads are doing their utmost to make auspicious the year '97-'98. On the evening of October 10, the Columbians formally inaugurated the year's work. In the absence of the president, Mr. Brachman, the vice-president, Mr. Krull, in a few prefatory remarks set forth the aims of the society and its work and in conclusion eloquently pleaded for enthusiasm in society work. The following program was then rendered: The parting of Marmion and Douglas, Mr. P. Kanney; Debate: Resolved, that the end of the century youth enters life more handicapped for the race of success than he of fifty years ago. Aff., Messrs. Travers and Didier, Neg., Messrs. Muinch and Frenzer; Columbian by the Editor.

We are well aware that it is bad policy to laud first attempts too highly, yet we cannot but feel cheered by the bright prospects which they pre-
sage. We know, however, that it remains with each individual member to make the year a successful one.

The distinguishing feature of the first program was undoubtedly the debate, which was well fought. The gentlemen on the affirmative had a shade the better of the argument and merited the favorable decision the judges awarded them.

Mr. Hoerdeman, too, outdid himself in his

paper, which sparkled throughout with wit and humor. Its merits were sufficiently attested to by the hearty applause and rounds of laughter of the audience.

Numerically, the society cannot boast; but this causes little regret, as it is to be feared that quantity instead of quality was considered too much in past years. What admissions have been made thus far we are pleased to say have been judicious and tending to raise the standard of the society.

It was certainly very thoughtful and noble on the part of the alumni at Mt. St. Mary's, Cincinnati, to send a message of congratulation to their fellow Columbians on the fifth anniversary of the society, celebrated October 21. The telegram was read at the opening of the program and received tremendous applause. Mr. Fehrenbach was the star of the evening in a comic recitation, entitled Spartacus. Rev. Fathers Kubacki and Dickman, the guests of the evening, responded to the request for remarks with exuberant spirits. After speaking in glowing terms of the society and its patron, Columbus, Father Kubacki delighted the audience by a Polish address, which Father Dickman, a moment later, purported to translate in his own happy and inimitable manner.

ATHLETICS.

October's brisk winds stirred up a foot-ball sentiment among the fellows which took definite shape in two elevens. As some of the material for

the regular eleven was to be chosen from these two teams, their first mix-up watched with interest. Although the score would indicate a snappy game, it was very loose. Capt. Morris' Tigers excelled in close play. They kept up a lively hammering on the line that was productive of substantial games. The fumbles of the latter team were very costly. Laibe did excellent tackling and some sprinting. The crystals gained their ground chiefly by end spurts. Arnold made the only touch-down of the game on a clever criss-cross around left end. Both teams played strongly in emergencies. The Crystals were never dangerously near their opponent's goal.

REGULAR ELEVEN.

Werling, Reichert, T. and E. Pugman, Hierholzer, Hurst and Laibe form a rush line, which would, with proper coaching, be well nigh impregnable. Boeke, Travers (Capt.), Snyder, and Steinbrunner, back of the line, are somewhat light, but with hard work they will round to nicely. Manager Snyder has arranged for a game with a Rensselaer team on the 29th.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

The change of routine made this year for the afternoon of class-days shows remarkably good results. Hitherto the recess from half past three to five o'clock tended to make continuous and therefore efficient study impracticable. Sufficient time has been gained by the present plan

as to have two rehearsals a day for some of the Latin classes.

Mayor McCoy of Rensselaer and Mr. Murray, a prominent business man of the city, are frequent and welcome visitors to the sports on the college campus.

Since the memorial addresses on the lately defunct president of the Smoking Club are not yet all delivered, the first installment of "Curly's" biography will not appear in this issue of THE COLLEGIAN. Mr. Snyder is still busy tracing up genealogies in the Book of Ballymote.

When some boys the other day were, by drift of circumstances, compelled to stay on the Island till late in the evening, they yearned for some occupation. Seeing that the island was already cultivated, they implored the muses to favor them with an osculatory collision. And now fair Columbia thou can'st bid defiance to proud Britannia, for some of thy sons, too, are Lake poets, who lisp tender lyrics such as these:

The moon swims thro' the air	And lol as in the lake
In silken mirth and frolic,	He sees the moon agoing,
And steeps his curly hair	He gives himself a shake
Into the lake hydraulic.	Into the water flowing.!

The turtle on the beach	Into the moon's embrace
Does speak in silent sorrow:	He flies and makes a dimple,
Could I from you but reach	Which on the lunar face
A kiss until to morrow.	Looks like a thriving pimple.

Is the German society dying a slow death or is it but undergoing a metamorphosis? Who can tell?

F.—I wish the sun would soon go down, I am so tired. H.—Oh! that will not go so quick to-day; don't you see it is going against the wind?

The new chandelier in the hallway at the main

entrance is a beauty. It is rumored that the College may soon be illumined by electric light.

On Sunday, October 17th, the Cronies of North-side and South-side study-hall crossed bats. Rapp and Kuenle made some sensational catches and double-plays.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Felixites	2	1	1	1	x	x	x	x	x - 5
Sunflowers	0	2	1	5	x	x	x	x	x - 8

Strike outs: By Ley 5, by Cyril 4, and by Eligius 4. Umpires.—Hierholzer, Laibe, and Patrick. The game ended in a row.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes, as well as in conduct and application, during the month of September, appear in this column.

J. Boeke, T. Brackmann, D. Brackmann, J. Burke, G. Didier, B. Eckstein, H. Fehrenbach, C. Frey, S. Hartmann, E. Hefeale, L. Rock, H. Horstmann, H. Kalvelage, P. Kanney, J. Kohne, S. Kremer, C. Mohr, J. Morris, J. Mutch, D. Neuschwanger, H. Reichert, E. Rumely, M. Schmitter, E. Schneider, V. Schuette, H. Seiferle, J. Seitz, F. Seroczynski, P. Staiert, J. Steinbrunner, T. Travers.

84 per cent or above.

W. Arnold, P. Baker, P. Biegel, F. Boeke, L. Dabbelt, C. Daniel, E. Deininger, C. Diemer, F. Ersing, E. Fleig, U. Frenzer, C. Hemsteger, A. Hierholzer, W. Hordeman, T. Hoerst, O. Holscheider, L. Huber, Z. Jaeckle, H. Jaeger, F. Kramer, V. Krull, F. Kuenle, L. Lintz, R. Monin, R. Peelle, R. Plas, T. Poggeman, I. Rapp, L. Rausch, J. Reifers, C. Rock, C. Rohrkemper, J. Rumely, P. Sailer, T. Sauer, R. Smith, D. Scheider, A. Schuette, E. Schweitzer, M. Seethaler, M. Seipel, F. Theobald, C. Uphaus, L. Walther, H. Wechter, E. Werling, E. Wills, B. Wittemann.

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